tillery crossed the Neva Bridge; a company of foot soldiers marched under the windows. "Demonstrations!" said Nikolsky. "Just a bluff."

The meetings continued. I stood in the pulpit in the main hall, beside the chairman, ready to dissolve it. From my vantage point, I could watch the movement of the troops. Mounted Cossacks were forming a tight chain in front of the University.

Suddenly orders were barked, and the chain regrouped in several dark masses. The Cossacks dismounted, horses were taken away. Foot soldiers filled in the spaces between the groups of dismounted horsemen. In the darkness behind the first line of troops I discerned moving masses of men.

A student messenger handed me a note from Nikolsky: "The patrols report that cannon have been set in position. The attack may begin without warning." I sent back word: "I shall begin to disband the meeting as soon as your men take their places."

Then I interrupted the speaker to make an urgent communication. "Comrades! An hour ago I warned you against the provocation planned by Trepov. It has come sooner than I expected. Troops are massed before this building and are ready for an attack. Cannon are aimed at these windows." At this announcement there was a roar of indignation, but not a man moved toward the entrance. From the pulpit I saw two score students with white armbands squeezing themselves into the crowd and forming a chain across the hall.

"We are unarmed, comrades," I continued, "but we are not quitting the fight! We shall abandon this place, but we will reconquer it. . . . Those in the rear, behind the line of the Academic Legion, are asked to leave the hall and follow the ushers to the exits. The others are not to move! I repeat, the fight is not over. We will come back."

The persons in the rear of the hall began to leave through four doors. Suddenly a loud voice asked, "When shall we come back?"

Without thinking, I threw out a reply. "Tomorrow! Armed, ready to fight!"

"Set the hour!"

"Three o'clock!"

"We will come back," roared the crowd.

Leonid, a Bolshevist agitator who stood next to me, grabbed my hand. "What are you doing?" he whispered. "Did the party authorize an armed demonstration?"

But I could not stop. "Those in the rear, behind the line, please leave the hall. Come back tomorrow, ready to fight!"

My voice broke. I nodded to Leonid to replace me. "All back tomorrow, at three o'clock!" he shouted. "Armed! Ready to die!"

We remained in the pulpit until the last man left the hall. Ni-